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You sigh to leave your mother's roof,
 Though on my suit she smiled,
 And, spurning ev'ry selfish thought,
 Gave up her darling child :
 Sigh not for *her*, she now may claim
 Kind deeds from more than *one* ;
 She'll gaze upon her DAUGHTER's smiles,
 Supported by her SON !

I thank you for that look—it speaks
 Reliance on my truth ;
 And never shall unkindness wound
 Your unsuspecting youth :
 If fate should frown, and anxious thoughts
 Oppress your husband's mind,
 Oh ! never fear to cling to me,—
 I could not be unkind.

Come, look upon this golden ring—
 You have no cause to shrink,
 Though oft 'tis galling as the slave's
 Indissoluble link !
 And look upon yon church, the place
 Of blessing and of prayer ;
 Before the altar hear my vows—
 Who could dissemble *there* !

Come to my home ; your bird shall have
 As tranquil a retreat ;
 Your dog shall find a resting-place,
 And slumber at your feet :
 And while you turn your spinning wheel,
 Oh ! let me hear you sing,
 Or I shall think you cease to love
 Your little golden ring.

THE WINTER'S WREATH.

The illustrations of this handsome volume are of the first order—some of them are really exquisite. "The Deluge," engraved by Brandard, from a picture by A. Moses—"Delos," by W. Miller, after an original painting by W. Linton—"Dove Dale," also by Brandard, from a drawing by Barber—and "The Interior of a Cathedral at Antwerp," by W. Radclyffe, sketched from a picture by C. Wild, are fully equal to the best plates in any of the annuals we have yet seen ; nor should we pass without notice "The English Flower," engraved from a miniature by A. Robinson, which stands as the frontispiece—nor "The Cottage Farm," engraved by E. Smith, after Barker. The former presents a fine English face, traced in a manner at once bold and elegant ; and the latter is a highly attractive picture, indeed. Of the letter-press department of the work, we are sorry we cannot speak in the same unmeasured language. It contains, however, upwards of seventy pieces in prose and verse, and among them will be found several very amusing stories, and not a few pretty scraps of poetry. "The Old Man's Message," three passages in the "Life of the Lady of Bradgate," "A Legend of the House of Suffolk," in which the unfortunate Lady Jane Gray acts a conspicuous part, "The Old Monk's Tale," "The Trial, founded on fact," and "The Rebel," are, in our opinion, the best pieces in the volume. There is, indeed, an amusing tale of a Parisian miser, "The Revenu," by Miss Jewsbury, and an article containing some very intelligent critical remarks "On the Style of Johnson and Burke." It is rather a curious coincidence, that in both the little volumes before us there should be a tale of resuscitation after execution—each of the sufferers being supposed to have been innocent of the crime of which they

were convicted. In our present Number we have only room for a brief extract from the story entitled "The Rebel," by James Whittle—which by the way—although not said to be founded on fact—has so much of *vraisemblance* about it, as would lead us to imagine it was really a sketch from life.

In a period of the last century ever to be remembered in Ireland, Philip Mahon, the representative of a respectable family, and the inheritor of an ample patrimony, held a distinguished rank among the country gentlemen of the champagne county of —.

His habits of thought, his principles, his predilections, no less than his interests, ranged their landlord, without a moment's hesitation, on the side of the government. His known loyalty placed him beyond impeachment or suspicion, his integrity and humanity preserved his influence among the people; and his weight with both parties fixed him in the happy situation of a moderator, and enabled him to prevent those furious ebullitions of mingled fear, suspicion, and wrath, into which the local and military commanders of other districts were hurried; and which, extinguishing the charities of nature, taught the minds of the people to gloat on the thoughts of a future and dreadful retribution.

It was on the 27th of May, in the memorable year 1798, that he was assembled with his brother magistrates, to determine on the steps which the portentous appearance of the country rendered necessary to counteract an immediate movement, when a messenger arrived with the news of the first success of the insurgents in Wicklow under Priest Murphy of Balavogue. It could not be doubted that the peasantry were already in possession of intelligence which would be so welcome to them, that it would precipitate them into some act of open hostility to the government. Arrangements were made for the most effectual disposition of the military force for the purpose of controlling it; and Mahon, as a last effort, to prevent the effusion of blood, determined to take upon himself the charge of a personal interview with the head of the government, in order to provide for the most prompt and effective movements, in case of their being driven to the last resort; and to obtain in the mean time, renewed assurances of indemnity for all who would return in time to their allegiance. His carriage was at the door of the county court-house, where the meeting had been held; the horses' heads were turned towards Dublin, and he set out with the determination of arriving there that night, and returning to his post in the morning, to meet the events of the coming day.

The sun was just rising as he repassed the borders of his own county. He had, the day before, observed the fields, usually so busy at this season of the year, abandoned by the husbandman, the preparation for the future neglected, and men, women and children, scattered in listless groups, as if in the determination not to toil on the crop which they might never gather. The indications were now even more formidable. The hills were here and there occupied by numerous bodies, without much of military splendour or military order; but which the reflection of the morning beams from their steel-headed pikes proclaimed ready to try their strength with the forces of the king. The road was crowded with the carriages of many travellers, who seemed flying to a place of safety; while the foot passengers, avoiding the open road, and all in arms, were proceeding across the fields, singly, or in small groups, to their places of general rendezvous.

Mahon half repented of his brief absence; he looked anxiously forward for some indication that the authorities and troops were also in motion; and was occupied, now in urging the postillion to his utmost speed, and now in soothing the rising alarms of the companion of his journey, when at a sudden turn in the road, where it was contracted between two hills, he found the way completely filled by an armed body, who were advancing in good order; the first ranks filled with familiar faces, and the whole under the command of Kennedy, the most trusted and valued of his farm servants.

As they exchanged the glance of mutual recognition, both parties stopped involuntarily. The rebels neither obstructed the carriage, nor opened the way to let it pass. Mr. Mahon instantly threw open the door, and alighted; his lady, half reassured by the countenances of those on whom she had lavished a thousand acts of kindness, half distrusting their now hostile appearance, hesitated whether to withhold or accompany him, and with one foot on the steps, hung in the deepest agitation on his shoulder. Supporting her, and at the same time, re-seating her with gentle violence in the carriage, he encouraged her only by pressing her hand in his own, as Kennedy advanced towards him—his pike in his left hand, his hat in his right, with a demeanour full of confidence, but more than usually respectful. The manly open countenance of the rustic was raised, and his full, steady eye was brightened with that enthusiasm which the boldness of his enterprise and the expectation of the coming

fight, might be expected to breathe into minds of coarser mould than Kennedy's ; his motions were marked by the untaught grace which nature sometimes confers upon a perfect form : and while reverence for his recent master checked the exultation of his heart, and tempered the triumph of his looks, he appeared with an air of as " dignified submission " as ever graced a votary of chivalry.

" Good God ! Kennedy ! " exclaimed the magistrate, " what madness possesses you, and whither do you lead these people ? "

" Our madness, Sir, " replied he, " is the love of Ireland ; and we go to fight for our religion and equal laws, to drive out the stranger, and to make our country what she ought to be—free and happy. "

" Foolish men ! " cried Mr. Mahon earnestly, you go to ruin, you are dragging destruction on your own heads. What do you complain of, or what can you accomplish ? Hear me, good countrymen, return while you are yet safe, to your homes and to your duty. I know there are brave men amongst you, but what can you effect with arms like these against the King's forces, and against a train of artillery that will sweep you into dust ? They are already in the field ; your friends will be dispersed before you can join them ; you only go to share their flight, to spill your blood in vain, and to bring misery upon your helpless families. It was but this morning that I left the Lord Lieutenant ; I hold here in my hand a written assurance of pardon for every man I choose to include in the gracious promise. Turn back with me, while it is yet time ; and, on the word of a man, and the honour of a gentleman, not a hair of your heads shall be injured ! "

Kennedy, who had stood aside whilst Mr. Mahon thus addressed the people, now turned himself towards them. " My friends, you hear the words of a man, who never gave you bad counsel, who never broke a promise made to you. Let no man say that Kennedy stood between him and safety : if you choose to return, no harm will reach you. You may sit in safety under the shelter of the roofs that others are fighting to make your own. If you choose to return — " He was here interrupted by a voice from the more distant crowd, " What traitor talks of turning ? Will the coward sell us to his master ? Down with the Sassenach ! "

Some pikes were brandished, and while those who knew him stood irresolute, a threatening movement was made towards the carriage by some strangers of the party. Kennedy, advancing his pike, leaped in their way, and shouted aloud, " Would you draw the wrath of God, and the curse of innocent blood, on yourselves and on your cause ? What villain would raise his hand against the poor man's friend ? Who dares call Kennedy a traitor ? March against the troops who are in arms to meet you, and the last drop of my blood shall be poured out by your side. But will you murder in cold blood the best landlord in Ireland ? The man that lays a hand upon Mr. Mahon must step across my body ! "

The assassins shrunk abashed from the encounter of his spear and eye. He took advantage of the moment, turned, and assisted Mr. Mahon into his carriage, who seeing remonstrance vain, submitted in silence ; as Kennedy closed the door, he fervently ejaculated, " You are safe, thank God ! Go ; and may the blessing of heaven attend you. We cannot turn back from the business we have in hand ; but come what will, we have not forgot the kind friend, and generous landlord. " The ranks opened in silence ; the carriage passed rapidly on, and by another turn in the defile, was hidden from the rebels, as with a unanimous shout, they again set forward on their march.

Mr. Mahon soon arrived at his mansion, which he found in the occupation, and under the protection of a detachment of soldiers. He had the satisfaction of learning, that the designs of the insurgents had been anticipated, that the troops were afoot, and so disposed as to intercept the different bodies on their march and prevent their junction in formidable numbers ; and at the same time so as to admit, if necessary, of prompt concentration. In this county, the rebellion was controlled rather than suppressed ; the detached bodies of the peasantry were in general dispersed, almost without the effusion of blood, and finding their plans counteracted, frequently separated on the mere appearance of the military.

Most of the tenants of Mr. Mahon had, before the next evening, quietly and separately regained their homes. Many, however, were missing ; and amongst these Kennedy. It soon transpired that they had joined the main body of the insurgents, which alone had made a serious stand ; and at the foot of a hill, where they had taken up their position, for a while resisted the King's forces. Kennedy was seen in the foremost ranks, fighting with a desperate courage ; and when the cavalry, after renewed charges, had found a passage through their lines in the dreadful gaps that were opened by the grape shot of the artillery, and they again attempted to rally on the summit of the hill, he was every where conspicuous in his efforts to cheer the courage and to reanimate the hopes of his comrades ; to stop the flying, and to induce them, by every appeal that example or entreaty could urge, to turn once more against

the foe. When it was found that all was lost; and when the scattered remnant, who had gathered together, in disorder and trepidation, on the brow of that fatal hill, were silently and rapidly dispersing, to escape the renewed attack that was about to be made upon them, and which was only suspended until the cavalry had breathed their horses, and restored their ranks, he was seen the last and alone, still turned in dogged and stupified resolution towards the enemy, shaking his pike with the fury of a disappointed lion.

Whether he subsequently retreated, or whether the troops, pursuing the more collected fugitives, disdained to turn aside and follow a single man, or that being alone he escaped their observation, was not known. He did not, however, perish in the fight. He retired alone from the field under cover of the night: the thoughts of his slaughtered countrymen, and of his disappointed hopes, deriving probably new bitterness from the recollection of the warning and the promised safety in the morning. Whether in desponding self-reproach, or desirous of taking his last look at earthly objects among scenes that once were dear and familiar to him, he returned to the edge of a pool which divided the lawn before the mansion of his honoured master; and standing in full view of the house, he drew a handkerchief over his eyes, and plunged headlong into the water.

In a few days his body was discovered, and proclaimed his fate, which had hitherto been unknown. The remains were decently interred by the order of Mr. Mahon, and covered with a modest stone which is yet without an epitaph, but over which the sympathising traditions of the country people still relate the story of his gentleness, his prowess, and his fate.

The moral conveyed by the foregoing simple story may not be without its use at the present juncture.

INACCURACIES IN DR. LARDNER'S CYCLOPÆDIA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE.

SIR—As I am inclined to think you willing to deal even-handed justice, and that great names are not, with you, sufficient to screen great defects—and feeling that the "National Magazine" should not silently pass over gross error in any thing connected with Ireland, I would venture to direct your particular attention to that volume of Dr. Lardner's Cyclopædia, in which the principal cities and towns of the world are professed to be described, and request your judgment to decide whether facts connected with Ireland, are to be depended on as they *exist*, or as the Doctor's volume would *represent* them. To be sure, we are that blundering kind of people, that may mistake the head for the tail, and the centre for the corner—and that, therefore, in the matter about to be mentioned, the Cyclopædia may be right and eye-witnesses wrong.

But, to be serious—if we were to take that portion of this volume which relates to the cities and towns of Ireland as a specimen of the general truth and accuracy of Dr. Lardner's extensive work—and we feel a natural disposition to estimate a writer's correctness in matters we know not of, by that which distinguishes those with which we are acquainted—we should pronounce it totally unworthy of any thing like the meed of praise which has been awarded to it. This, perhaps, would be going too far. But surely the Doctor, Irishman as he is, might have found a fellow-countryman sufficiently qualified to give an accurate description of the notable places in the land of his birth. One would think that the author imagined the want of accuracy in matters relative to Ireland could in no degree affect the value of the work, or else that blunders were indigenous to the subject in hand. Any one who has ever had occasion to travel across our island, and who looks over the portion of the volume to which I allude, will at once admit the propriety of these remarks. I speak not of the meagre sketch given of the metropolis and other cities and towns mentioned, but of the actual errors and false re-